

Capture The World In Your Heart

by silversoul-snow

Category: Merlin

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Arthur, Merlin

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-09 10:19:28

Updated: 2016-04-09 10:19:28

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:19:00

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,775

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Merlin has been saying 'I love you' many times. Arthur just doesn't understand it yet. Reincarnation AU! Oneshot. Modern College AU! Fluff.

Capture The World In Your Heart

A/N. IDK why but in my mind, Arthur is just more shy than Merlin. Maybe it hadn't been so when they were both alive in Camelot but Merlin has had hundreds of years of experience when Arthur was gone and I would like to think that he has matured at a lot more since then. My first slash fic.

* * *

><p>It had started with a simple question. And it wasn't even by any of them. They had been sitting in a coffee shop, waiting for their order to arrive when the boy on the table next to them had asked, "I've never heard you say 'I love you' to me before. Not that I mind." The girl had smiled and replied, "I have. You just haven't understood it yet."<p>

Arthur didn't pay it much mind, more focused on the delicious piece of cake that was coming his way. As such, he didn't see the enigmatic smile that Merlin had as he drank his coffee.

The first occurrence happened when he had been in the middle of searching for a book to read in the library. It wasn't rare for them to have study dates, especially with finals coming up. Being a university student was hard, but Arthur wouldn't give it up for the world. It was nice to have a change of life from riding horses and fighting with swords.

The memories of the past life had been coming and going, more in the form of dreams. Arthur could still remember how scared he had been, waking up in the middle of the night as a six year old boy, shaking

from the memories of slicing through flesh and blood splattering all over him. The dreams grew both in quantity and intensity and he had been on the verge of checking himself into a mental hospital when he met Merlin. That was when everything became clear.

Arthur was drawn from his musings when he almost stumbled, cursing the fact that the book just had to be placed on the highest shelf. Even with his height, that was the only shelf he couldn't reach despite being on tiptoes. Damn the university library and their love for tall shelves. Damn Business Studies and its need to have-hard-to-find books for its research papers.

A warm body pressed against him and he stiffened, relaxing almost immediately when he recognised the build. A whisper and a breath blew past his ear, the student shivering involuntarily. The body pressed closer before moving away, giving Arthur enough space to turn and scowl at the wiry male in front of him, the book he wanted in the other's hand. At times like this, he hated the fact that Merlin had a few centimetres above him.

"Thanks." He said grudgingly as he took the book from the other and stomped towards their study table with a grinning Merlin by his side. They took their seats and emerged in the studying. In the midst of figuring out why a business took a certain action, his mind then registered the weird words that Merlin had whispered and he looked up to ask. The words died in his mouth and were promptly forgotten when he took in how beautiful Merlin looked under the sunlight, that defined jawline, those high cheekbones, thin and perfect lips. The male was chewing absentmindedly on a pen as those sapphire blue eyes skimmed across papers and coming up to looking back at -

Having been caught staring, Arthur blushed and looked back down at his paper, ignoring the smirk and knowing gaze that Merlin was sending him.

'_Mahal kita.'_

* * *

><p>The second time it happened, Arthur paid it no more attention than he had done so the first place. He had been in the middle of cooking breakfast then. He never once understood Merlin could have survived all those thousands of years but not once retain the ability to cook. Anything that he cooked came out either with a funny taste or burned. And thus, the duty of cooking always fell to Arthur.<p>

Despite growing up in a rich household, he had always found that cooking relaxed him. It probably had something to do with the fact that the cook at that time was all too willing to let him play in the kitchen and help her out whenever Father was in a bad mood.

So here he was, manning the stove as he flipped the pancakes (not that he minded of course) when out walked a sleepy Merlin from the bedroom. And without a limp. Not like the other would be the one who would have a limp when Arthur had been on the receiving end -

Nope. Not going there early in the morning.

"Morning. Is that pancakes I smell?" A sleepy Merlin was a cuddly

Merlin, as given by the fact that the first thing his boyfriend did upon entering the kitchen was to wind his arms around Arthur's waist and press himself close to the other.

"Yes. Now get off me." Arthur replied with a huff, pushing the other away gently as he focused his attention on flipping the pancakes.

As always, Merlin ignored the other's order, no difference from when they were in Camelot, and enjoyed the delicious little shiver that Arthur did when he nuzzled into the boy's neck and nibbled his ear, whispering before pulling away gleefully.

"MERLIN." A yell followed him out of the kitchen as he headed towards the toilet to wash up, hiding a smile.

_ ' __Aishiteru yo. '_

* * *

><p>The third time, it caught him by enough surprise to rethink over what Merlin had said but not enough for him to pursue the train of thought. They were on a date at a coffee shop just outside the campus of the university. There were only so many times one could go on a date at the same place before becoming bored of it. And he had mentioned it to Merlin once.<p>

Merlin had offhandedly commented one night after a _really_ satisfying round of hot passionate sex that he _just_ remembered that there was a nice little cafe just outside the campus and maybe they could go there for a coffee or something tomorrow. Like a date. Arthur blinked dazedly, still basking in the glow of post-sex and hummed absent-mindedly.

Now thinking about it, he suspected that his boyfriend always knew about this place. That bastard.

So here they were, after a long day at university, each simply enjoying the presence of the other's company.

The sky was slowly turning from a bright blue to a stormy blue, one that mirrored _that_ night. It was a slightly bittersweet memory, not one that he liked to remember because he had been at his lowest point at that time, and Merlin had seen him. It was a brilliant memory because _Merlin_.

His reunion with Merlin wasn't something he was proud of, though Merlin would claim the opposite. It was a dark, stormy night when Merlin found him, crouched in an alleyway in an attempt to hide from the rain. Arthur had ran out in a fit of anger after an argument with his father, having gone home for the holidays. Normally, he would hold his anger with more dignity but the nights of that week had been tormented by nightmares and he was already on the edge. The cryptic looks that Morgana had been giving him were not exactly helping with his frayed nerves.

He had been huddling there, rubbing his arms to stave off the cold when the rain suddenly stopped. He looked up, only to find an umbrella over him, a concerned face and deep blue eyes.

And the world exploded before him.

When he had regained consciousness, his memories were back and he was King Arthur once more. Only this time, in a university student's body. With Merlin there. His manservant had walked into the room with a smile and a cup of hot chocolate, somehow still mysteriously knowing what Arthur liked despite them being apart for _centuries._

Upon finding out that Arthur was a student at Camelot University, no the irony wasn't lost on him, Merlin declared his decision of joining the same university, though this time pursuing an Language degree as it was what he had settled on achieving in this lifetime. Not that he would have much trouble at acing that, that cabbage head. Arthur knew that Merlin had spend years wandering between civilisations and countries, and picked up their languages at the same time. Imagine his surprise (and _heartbreak_ and _anguish_) when he found out that Merlin never once left the surface of the Earth. Talk about devotion.

(He couldn't deny the warmth spreading through his chest when he heard that though.)

Arthur had been staring at a crying boy not far away from where their table was as his mother tried her best to pacify him when Merlin caught his eye. He didn't what it was, and still couldn't pinpoint it, but when he turned back, there it was.

Arthur blinked.

Unsure whether he was hearing it right, but not understanding it.

Yet, Merlin continued talking away as if nothing had happened, and Arthur could only once assume that it was nothing big.

_ '__Ik hou van je.' _

* * *

><p>The rest seemingly came at inopportune moments that Arthur never paid much attention to, seeming chalking it up to his own ears acting up or the wind. Though subconsciously, he probably categorised it as one of Merlin's many weird quirks.<p>

Like they woke up in the morning, Merlin snuggling in further as he tightened his arms around Arthur's waist and nuzzled the boy's neck, relishing in the muffled moan that the other gave.

_ '__Te amo.' _

Or when Merlin ended classes a few hours earlier than Arthur, and he trudged back home as the sun fades away and Merlin was there to greet him at the door way with a kiss and all exhaustion faded away.

_ '__Szeretlek.' _

And then there was the time when nerves were rattled severely after yet another destructive phone call with his father which left Arthur shaking in the toilet, unable to calm down. That was where Merlin

found him hours later back from classes, taking him in his arms without a word.

_ ' __Saranghae. ' _

And the time when Merlin was in a particularly playful mood and decided to build a pillow fort, dragging Arthur into it despite the other's protests. They weren't half-hearted protests, he swear.

_ ' __Jag alskar dig. ' _

And that time neither of them wanted to leave the warmth of the bed, settling to cuddle and pressing kisses against the warmth of the other's skin.

_ ' __Phom rak khun. ' _

Somewhere along the line, it had become the norm for Merlin to whisper words in a language that he didn't understand and Arthur letting them pass as they were.

* * *

><p>It wasn't until one night post-exams when he was dragged into watching a German romance movie with Gwaine, that asshole, that he finally realised what Merlin had been trying to tell him the whole time.<p>

It was just the two of them, huddled with blankets, lights off and a huge tub of popcorn between them in Arthur's room as the opening credits played. Merlin had been dragged by Lancelot for something, he couldn't really remember. It sounded suspiciously like figuring out what to buy for Gwen for her birthday. And Gwaine's roommate kicked him out of the room for being too loud on an exam night. Not that Arthur blamed the poor dude. He probably would have done the same if _he_ was Gwaine's roommate.

(He's not really mad that the rest of the group doesn't remember. It feels like something special that only Merlin and him has.

But then he feels slightly guilty and a bit left out that they wouldn't remember those fun times they had in Camelot.

He really can't make up his mind.)

Halfway through the film and Gwaine was already sniffing into the tissues that Arthur had handed him wordlessly. It was a touching movie, but a bit tad on the cliché side. Two scenes later, and Gwaine was sobbing at the love scene. Thank god for subtitles else Arthur would have given up on trying to follow the plot and fallen asleep already. He did get it was something about an angel falling in love with a trapeze artist and deciding to become a human. Or something.

"He said that he would wait an eternity to hear a loving word. Oh, my heart. My poor heart." Gwaine mumbled as he gave up on drying his tears. "And for someone to say 'I love you' to him."

Arthur's focus wasn't that. It wasn't rare for Gwaine to cry at

almost every romance scene in every romance movie, but more on those wordsâ€¦. Those words that he had heard before. In a whisper in his ears, with a warm body pressed against him.

_'__Ich liebe dich.'_

And at the subtitles in white on the white and black screen.

As the movie ended with the words 'To be continued' flashing on the screen and ending credits roll, with Gwaine's sobs fading into the background, the words were still replaying in his mind.

* * *

><p>From then on, it was simply a matter of a determination as Arthur embarked on a quest. Not too different from the quests he used to go on back in Camelot, only this time it required a bit more brainpower to recall all those words that Merlin had whispered in his ears and the power of the Internet to translate them.<p>

As expected, they all came out with the same results.

* * *

><p>The next time Merlin did that again, Arthur was prepared. There was no doubt in his heart regarding his feelings for Merlin, though he had to admit that he did spend a bit of time coming to terms with it. But if Merlin had no problem saying it, and he certainly didn't given by the number of times he had done so, why should Arthur?<p>

He didn't have to wait long.

They were deciding on eating in, neither of them really up for bracing the winter winds to get dinner and their fridge was empty. Being too lazy to get off the couch, he nudged his lover to phone the takeaway instead.

With a reluctant sigh that showed how much effort it took for him to get off the couch, Merlin grudgingly did so. And turned to Arthur.

_'__Ic luffa be.'_

"I love you too, Merlin." Arthur replied, staring his boyfriend in the eyes. He wouldn't admit it but he was nervous.

What if he was reading the signs all wrong, what if that wasn't what Merlin meant? But it couldn't be right? After all, his manservant had been whispering it in his ears for months and -

"Huh?" Merlin blinked at him before smiling. "I was asking what you wanted for dinner, but sure."

Shit.

"No, it's just - I thought - you said - I - Weren't you." Flustered, he tried to explain but was cut off when he was tugged to his feet, the sensation of a pair of warm lips against his and arms coming around his waist. Giving up, he allowed himself to relax into the

other's embrace. Their tongues entwined, dancing with each other and once again, Arthur was swept away by the passion of the kiss.

Merlin pulled away when the need for breaths reared its head, grinning at his boyfriend's dazed expression.

"I know, I love you too." He said, stealing another kiss from the other's lips once more before moving towards the phone. "Well, what do you want for dinner?"

Arthur stared after him, realising that he had been played.
"_Mer_lin!" That wasn't fair.

"Yeah?" Faced with his boyfriend's smile and twinkling eyes, there wasn't much he could do. With a smile, he shook his head and answered the question.

That _idiot_.

* * *

><p>AN. List of languages in
order:**

Tagalog

Japanese

Dutch

Latin

Hungarian

Korean

Swedish

Thai

German

Old English

I didn't know Italian, Spanish, Latin saying of 'I love you' were similar. Clearly not educated enough *cough*

The movie they watched was 'Wings Of Desire'. The actual wording of the scene was 'Someone who'd say "I love you so much today"' but I butchered it to fit the fic, sorry.

End
file.